

# THE DEMOCRAT

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AND PROPRIETOR  
GREAT BEND, KANSAS

## SLEEPING NOW.

There were lovers a hundred years ago  
Whispering words in the twilight glow  
Sweeter than light was the low-sung word,  
Sweeter than life to the ears that heard;  
And the rich blood flooded the cheek and  
brow  
Of that maid who heard her lover's vow.  
But the fire has gone out; and the embers  
blackened and scorched, speak no word of the  
fair  
And the brave who that calm winter night  
Pledged their vows in the dim twilight  
Where are the lovers of the years long  
gone?  
Sleeping now!

On yonder hill two white shafts stand;  
From afar they look like friends hand  
in hand;  
In the midnight black or the ruddy dawn  
Stand they cold and chill while the years  
roll on;  
And the names carved there in the marble  
white  
Are the names of the lovers who that night  
In the winter a hundred years ago,  
Whispered their vows in the twilight glow.  
The fire has gone out; see, the ashes  
how  
white,  
And these gone pale shafts guard through  
the night.  
'Tis a hundred years, and the lovers are  
gone.  
Sleeping now!

There were mothers a hundred years ago  
Singing sweet lullabies to their babes  
Fair were the babes by their fond arms  
pressed;  
Fairer the mothers who hushed them to rest;  
Their voices as soft as the dew-drops  
Their eyes as bright as the dew-morn.  
Oh strong young mothers, good and fair,  
You have long since outgrown your care;  
Long since those treasured children of gold,  
Long since those eyes grew dim and cold.  
Where are the mothers of the years long  
gone?  
Sleeping now!

There were babes a hundred years ago  
Hushed to sleep by lullabies low;  
Their cheeks as sweet as the dew-bathed  
rose,  
Their eyes undimmed by a rough world's  
woes;  
Secure from unrest or grief or alarm,  
Nestling they slept within fair, sheltering  
arms,  
But the years have gone—the hundred  
years,  
They woke to knowledge, to pain, to fear;  
They hearkened at length to Death's lull-  
abies,  
To the songs sung at night, and then closed  
their eyes.  
Where now are the babes of the years long  
gone?  
Sleeping now!

—REV. O. C. WALLACE, IN N. Y. LEDGER.

## DOROTHY'S ROMANCE.

Story of a Letter That Came  
Forty Years Too Late.

Dorothy Field looked very sweet and  
demure, as with her father, old Squire  
Field, and her tall, rather loosely hung  
brother Andrew, she walked to church  
one Sunday morning forty years ago.  
The little village of Framleigh was al-  
ways quiet, yet on Sunday morning it  
seemed even more peaceful than usual.  
Dorothy was sometimes a little op-  
pressed by the calm and wished it would  
not make itself quite so obtrusive. But  
on this May morning no such rebellious  
thoughts were in her mind, for she en-  
tered into the gently-begging mood of  
nature, and her heart was full of sun-  
shine.

As they neared the rather stately  
looking church, little groups were seen  
coming from all directions. For every  
one in Framleigh went to church. Al-  
though the congregation was not large,  
it was on the whole a well-to-do one.  
For the inhabitants of this little village,  
most of whom were descended from a  
few aristocratic old families, prided  
themselves on this fact and kept up  
their good old names.

As Dorothy from her place in the  
choir looked over the familiar faces  
which showed their heads and shoulders  
straight pews, her attention was caught  
by an unfamiliar face in Dea Gray's  
pew. Surely, never before had she seen  
this tall, elegant young man, with the  
pleasant eyes and sunny hair, and as  
she looked from him to her good-natured,  
awkward brother, it seemed to her that  
Andrew's coat had never fitted so badly.  
Occasionally, during the service, she  
glanced demurely over her hymn book  
at the new face beside the staid old  
deacon, and as she was singing in her  
sweet soprano voice "Sweet fields be-  
yond the swelling flood," she looked  
over toward the deacon's pew to see if  
the new occupant were singing, and  
finding his dark eyes fixed on her with  
a calm, interested gaze, this simple coun-  
try girl blushed and nearly lost her  
place.

At the various dinner tables in Fram-  
leigh that day, this young man was  
spoken of with more or less interest.  
It became generally known that he was  
a cousin of the deacon's wife and had  
been studying at the medical school in  
Cambridge, but was now obliged to give  
his eyes a rest.

The blooming damsels of Framleigh,  
who outnumbered the young men of the  
village, were especially interested in  
the stranger. Rebecca Thompson, a  
good-natured, if he-choked girl, who  
was hospitably inclined, was much  
grieved that it was too late in the  
season to have a sugar party, that she  
might ask Mr. Deane; but finally de-  
cided to content herself with a "gather-  
ing," which meant a special meeting of  
the swains and maidens of Framleigh,  
in the large old parlor, where they  
played "fox and geese" or "around the  
chimney," and ate apples and cake or  
popped corn. The "gathering" would  
break up at ten o'clock, when those of  
the youths who were not too bashful  
would take their favorite flirtations or  
Abigails if they might see them home.

This kind of gaiety was quite new to  
the young Harvard student, and al-  
though he went in rather a superior  
mood, thinking to be mildly amused by  
the harmless gambols of these country  
people, yet he felt a thrill of interest as  
he wondered if he should see the sweet-  
faced girl who had sung in the choir on  
Sunday. And when he entered the  
parlor, almost the first person he saw  
was Dorothy, looking very charming and  
pensive in a dainty figured brocade  
dress which had belonged to her mother.

Rebecca, the hostess, ushered him in  
and introduced him to every one in the  
room. Then Robert did something  
which quite shocked the feelings of  
Framleigh society. On one side of the  
room all the maidens were sitting, while  
on the opposite side were all the young  
men, looking awkward enough in the  
straight-backed chairs, and dressed in  
their best clothes. For this was the  
way in which the guests always were ar-  
ranged at the "gatherings" until the  
games began. But Robert, with an easy,  
graceful manner, took a seat on the  
girls' side of the room, between Dorothy  
and little Ruth Hawks, and began talk-  
ing to them as if very much at ease, a

proceeding which caused a surprised  
flutter on one side of the room and struck  
consternation on the other.

But when they began to play games,  
the chilly air of reserve which seemed to  
encircle the company, was changed to  
one of merry good humor. From the  
moment when Dorothy's clear, shy eyes  
looked into his, as she took the cat's  
cradle of his hands, Robert had a feel-  
ing of exhilaration and knew that he  
should enjoy himself. And when he left  
Dorothy at her own door, he felt very  
joyful as he walked home to the dea-  
con's, and it seemed to him that there  
was nothing more charming than a coun-  
try village in May.

Dorothy came down to breakfast next  
morning looking very trim and domestic  
in a light print gown, and when Andrew  
spoke in a joking manner about her new  
city beau, she blushed up to the little  
curls of her forehead and looked rather  
conscious.

That afternoon she thought she would  
go into the woods to see if she could find  
some late arbutus. When she reached the  
top of the hill she found a beautiful  
bed of mayflowers, which had come out  
late, as they were under a pine tree,  
which kept off the sun. As she was  
bending over the flowers, pulling off the  
dead leaves which covered them, she  
heard a deep voice humming:

O do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?

Street Alice with hair so brown?

Looking up she saw Robert Deane not  
very far from her. Just at that moment  
he saw her and came toward her. So to-  
gether they gathered about the flowers,  
and when Robert said that picking may-  
flowers seemed to be the most appropri-  
ate thing in the world for her to do, she  
was so like them, she turned pinker  
than the pinkest of the flowers in her  
hand. And then he added: "I never  
knew how beautiful the arbutus was be-  
fore." After they had gathered all the  
blossoms under the pine tree, Robert  
wanted to go up higher on the mountain  
to see if there were not some flowers  
there. So they did not get home till  
supper-time and Dorothy, who was usu-  
ally very capable about the house,  
seemed rather abstracted that evening.

As the days went on, Robert Deane  
stayed in Framleigh. The simple  
old deacon, in speaking to the minister's  
wife about him, said: "It does seem  
mighty queer about Cousin Robert's  
eyes. The doctors told him he wouldn't  
rest them for more than a week or  
so, and here he isn't able to go back  
to Cambridge yet; but he does seem  
mighty content here."

My changed to June and still he  
stayed. He acquired a great interest in  
walking, and he and Dorothy used to  
take long rambles on the mountains or  
by the quiet little river. He told her  
about his past life, his hopes and ambi-  
tions, and to this country girl, who had  
had no interests outside of the little  
village, it seemed as if a new world had  
opened.

One morning when she was working  
in the kitchen the old knocker went in  
such a vigorous way, that she hurried  
to the door with her apron on. She  
found Robert Deane there looking pale  
and anxious. She had hardly time to  
say "Good morning" before he began:  
"I have just had a letter saying that my  
cousin Nathaniel is going to drive me  
to Dayton and I am going right on. He  
is out here waiting. But I couldn't go  
without seeing you. May I write to  
you, Dorothy?" Dorothy very softly  
and blushing told him how sorry she  
was that his mother was sick, and that  
he might write to her if he wanted to.  
Then with an earnest, lingering look  
and a gentle pressure of her hand, he  
was gone, leaving Dorothy in a very be-  
wildered state of mind.

She stayed in the house for several  
days and then she began to go to the  
post-office. At first she asked the good  
old postmaster if there was any mail,  
demurely, with a happy, conscious little  
blush. Then, as the days went on and  
no letter came, she would ask with an  
anxious, nervous manner. Poor Dorothy!  
Although she was faithful in her visits  
to the post-office, she received no letter,  
and after a time all the pretty pink  
went out of her face and it grew pale  
and had a pathetic expression. She  
always cherished a faint hope that she  
should hear from Robert, and although  
one of the most well-to-do young men  
of Framleigh was urgent in his proposals  
of marriage and the squire would gladly  
have welcomed him as a son-in-law, she  
told them it could never be.

It was a bright June morning. Miss  
Dorothy, now a nice old lady of sixty,  
was picking roses off her large old  
cucumber rose-bush at her back door.  
Although her face was no longer so  
looking as it was that afternoon when  
she gathered May flowers with Robert  
Deane forty years before, yet it was  
still very attractive, with its clear, kind  
eyes, its sweet mouth and just a trace of  
the roses that used to bloom in her  
cheeks. Perhaps it was partly her  
kindly face that made all the children  
of Framleigh love Miss Dorothy—Aunt  
Dorothy, as they called her—and no real  
aunt ever had more regard and love  
than she did. Her life was not an un-  
happy, lonely one, for it was so full of  
kindness and blessings to others that  
she was happy and content.

A few years after Robert Deane had  
gone from Framleigh, she had heard  
that he had married a rich Boston girl.  
Only about a year after she had read of  
his death. While practicing at the hos-  
pital, he had taken some contagious dis-  
ease. That was all she knew about him.  
She had never received a word from  
him. Although at first her heart had  
been bitter toward Robert, yet, as time  
went on, her feelings had softened  
and now she thought of him in a fond,  
tender way as one she had loved.

This morning as she was picking the  
roses, little Tommy Chapin, one of her  
most devoted cavaliers, came out of the  
back door and said: "I left a letter on  
the table in the sitting-room for you,  
Aunt Dorothy."

"Thank you, Tommy; don't you think  
your mother would like these roses?"  
They're about the last there'll be, I  
guess, and if you'll come in I will give  
you one of my ginger cookies."

So Tommy followed Miss Dorothy in  
and she gave him a large round cookie  
out of the stone jar which she always  
kept full, so that she might have some-  
thing to give the children when they  
came to see her.

When he had gone with a large bunch  
of roses in one hand and a cookie danc-  
ing up in a brown paper bag in the other, Miss  
Dorothy went into the sitting-room and  
opened her rather official-looking letter.  
There was a letter and a note inclosed  
envelope. She unfolded the note and  
read:

SALAM, June, 1884.

MISS DOROTHY FIELD:  
In writing the boxes of this post-office, it  
was necessary to take down the high boards  
behind the receiving box. There we  
found this old letter directed to you. On as-  
certaining that you still live in Framleigh,  
we at once forwarded it. Respectfully yours,  
POSTMASTER.

Then there was an envelope yellow  
with age and with a post-mark of forty  
years before. Miss Dorothy opened it  
with trembling fingers and read:

SALAM, June, 1884.

MY DEAR DOROTHY:  
I have thought about you a great deal  
since I left Framleigh and now that my  
mother is better I must write to you. I could  
not bear to come away without telling you  
that I loved you, although I think you must  
know it. I never supposed that I could care  
for any one as I care for you. Now, dear  
Dorothy, if you return my love at all, let me  
know and I will come at once to Framleigh.  
If you do not and can not care for me, do not  
pain yourself and me by saying so, but don't  
write at all. Hopefully yours,  
ROBERT DEANE.

As poor Miss Dorothy read this a mist  
came over her eyes. This was the hap-  
piest moment of her life, happier than  
those weary weeks of suspense. As she  
thought of Robert's weary, restless wait-  
ing, of his heartache and sorrow and of  
the sadness which had come into her  
own heart, it seemed to her that a very  
cruel fate had guided the course of that  
letter.

But Miss Dorothy's trusting heart  
could not be bitter long. She believed  
that somehow all things must be best as  
they were, and after a few quiet hours  
spent alone she came out of her room  
with her usual sunny manner. Then she  
went out into the garden to pull  
some of her nice radishes to send to un-  
attractive old Miss Dunn, who had ap-  
prized very much, for she firmly believed  
that she had never had a lover—Grace  
Tyler Pratt, in Springfield (Mass.) Rep-  
ublican.

## THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

A Tragedy Which Ruined the Prospects of  
a Deserving Youth.

Adolphus Dusenbury bowed up the  
steps of the Dusenbury mansion with a  
confident air and a package of caramels.  
He wore a happy, contented little  
smile and an imported London cane.

There are several kinds of smiles.  
The one we speak of now is the brand  
which cheers but does not inebriate.

Miss Arabella Dusenbury was accus-  
tomed to be waiting in the parlor at this  
hour and on this evening, but to-night  
she was not there.

They were engaged—were these two  
people—and it seemed to the friends of  
each that the alliance was a most suit-  
able one in many respects, including  
social position.

For one thing it would unite the noble  
American houses of Hawkins and Dusen-  
bury. On this particular evening Arabella  
kept Adolphus waiting a long time, and  
when she appeared she was not alone.  
High authority tells us that it is not  
good for a man to be alone, but it says  
nothing about women, the inference,therefore, is that it is better for women  
to be alone than for men.

At all events, Arabella came not alone.  
She brought with her an air of con-  
straint.

The young man rose to meet and greet  
her, but she sternly waved him back.  
"Why, Arabella," he gasped, "what  
does this mean?"

"You don't mean that our engagement  
is broken?"

"Yes."

"Why, O, why, do you discard your  
faithful Adolphus?"

"Faithful! Ha, ha! Faithful! Well,  
I like that!"

This was said in a sarcastic tone,  
which impelled Adolphus to draw him-  
self up to his full height of five feet one  
inch and demand plans and specifica-  
tions of the alleged unfaithfulness.

"Why, sir, you have basely deceived  
me!"

"Deceived you, Arabella! What non-  
sense!"

"'Tis true, alas," she cried, and her  
lovely eyes filled with tears.

"How have I deceived you, Miss Du-  
senbury? I demand to know!"

"You never told me," began the  
girl. But her face brightened, and she  
clung to a chair for support.

She seemed about to faint.  
"Told you what?" asked Hawkins,  
impudently and pitilessly, and as the  
fair young creature lost consciousness  
she gasped:

"That you—wrote jokes—for the  
funny papers."—Wm. H. Siviter, in  
Munsey's Weekly.

## THE PRINCESS THERESA.

A Royal Lady Whose Contributions to Sci-  
ence are of Great Value.

Princess Theresa, the only daughter  
of the Prince Regent Luitpold, of Ba-  
varia, has again attracted the attention  
of the scientific world by a work just  
published under the title "Under the  
Polaris," which contains an account of  
her journey through Norway to the  
North Cape, giving most valuable geo-  
graphical, ethnographical and general  
information about the parts of Scandi-  
navia she traversed. The gifted Prin-  
cess is an experienced traveler, who has  
visited many countries, among them  
Brazil, and who published five years ago  
a record of her travels in Russia, which  
she undertook under an assumed name  
and accompanied only by a few attend-  
ants, in order to obtain a truer insight  
into the characteristic features of the  
country than is generally possible to  
royal travelers. This work bears the  
title "Reiseeindrücke und Skizzen aus  
Rusland," and has been pronounced by  
competent judges as a valuable contri-  
bution to the knowledge of the great  
empire and its inhabitants. The Prin-  
cess, who is now in her fortieth year,  
writes under the pseudonym "Therese  
v. Hayer," and understands how to com-  
bine accuracy of detail with a peculiar  
charm of narration, equally attractive  
to the scientific and the general reader.

There is nothing of the blue-stocking  
in the personal appearance of Princess  
Theresa, who resembles in plety and be-  
nevolence her mother, Princess Au-  
gusta, who died in 1864. Since she has  
grown up she has been the presiding  
genius of her father's more or less con-  
stant drawing from the Federal treasury  
monthly stipends which have been  
allowed by soundly officials, forms a  
menace to the very existence of a  
pension system. It is beyond the  
bounds of possibility that the people  
will permit this disgrace to outlive the  
genius of the Harlan-Dudley adminis-  
tration, and it is the duty of those who  
believe in the full performance of the  
people's pledges to the soldiers to guard  
their interests in this matter against  
the worse than rebels and traitors who  
have been placed in power by Mr. Har-  
lan.—Chicago Leader.

An Illustrative Precedent.  
"Lige," said Mr. Harrison, "they call  
me a nepotist because I look after my  
family."  
"That's about the size of it, sir," re-  
plied the private secretary.  
"Well, it's too bad. I am simply  
following in the steps of Washington.  
He was the Father of his country, and  
I'm blessed if he didn't look after his  
country the first thing."—N. Y. Sun.

## THE VANISHING SURPLUS.

Millions Wasted by Greedy Republicans.

In less than four months' time after  
getting full control of the Government  
the Republican party has succeeded in  
more than disposing of the surplus and  
placing itself in such a position that it  
must either repudiate all its pledges to  
the soldiers or place a heavy burden of  
debt upon the country. In an interview  
ex-speaker Carlisle says: "It is already  
apparent that the appropriations for the  
ordinary expenses of the Government  
for the next fiscal year will be largely  
in excess of the Secretary's estimate.  
It has been stated on the floor of the  
House by a Republican member of the  
committee on appropriations that the  
sum of \$442,099,110.50 will be required,  
and if this is correct there will be a  
deficit of \$57,090,110, instead of a sur-  
plus, even if none of the extravagant  
appropriations (new pensions, Blair  
bill, direct tax, etc.) that I have men-  
tioned shall be made." When asked  
whether or not all these bills would  
pass, the ex-speaker responded:

Of course it is impossible for me to say  
whether they will or not. But one thing is  
certain, and the country ought to understand  
it. They will be passed if the Republican party  
wants to pass them. It has the Senate,  
the House and the President, and the rules have  
been so changed that the Democratic revo-  
lutionists. The South is in the  
Union; it is an integral part of it; it has  
equal rights and equal duties. It is in-  
terested just as the other sections in  
sound legislation, and can pay its part  
to the pipe for naturalization dances. It  
proposes to protect its interests only  
by being bold, relying on the American  
people. It has no favors to ask of, and  
none to give to, the Republican party  
managers. Legislation good enough for  
the North may be bad, truly, but we can  
stand it as long as can any other  
section.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

OUR CHINESE TARIFF.  
The Effect It Has Had on Sheep-Raising  
in the United States.

Except during the civil war sheep-  
raising has been for fifty years a de-  
clining business in this country for  
reasons beyond the control of legisla-  
tion. The number of sheep per capita  
of population was nearly 50 per cent.  
greater in 1840 than in 1890, and the  
latter date there had been thirteen  
years of the highest "protection" for  
wool known in our history. Here are  
the official figures:

Population.	Sheep.	Per Capita.
1840.....	17,000,453	10,811,374
1850.....	23,730,380	21,730,380
1860.....	31,443,321	24,471,375
1870.....	38,568,371	28,477,961
1880.....	50,195,783	38,195,783

The current census will show a  
greater disparity between population  
and number of sheep than existed in  
1880. In 1840 there were 2,000,000 more  
sheep than people in the United States.  
In 1890 there are, it is estimated, 23,  
000,000 people and 23,000,000 sheep.  
Whatever else protection has done it  
has not built up the sheep industry. It  
has been demonstrated that no tariffs  
can do this. The industry could scarcely  
decline more rapidly under a policy  
of absolute free trade than it has done  
under the system of Chinese protection.  
—Indiana Sentinel.

## MCKINLEY'S "REFORM" BILL.

It Reduces the Revenue Without Reduc-  
ing Monopoly Protection.

The bill of the ways and means com-  
mittee for reducing the internal revenue  
and the tariff, now ready to be reported  
to the House, goes far toward redeeming  
the promise of the Republican party to  
make the leading vices of the country  
pay for themselves. The removal of the  
tax from alcohol used in the arts is  
equivalent to free whisky, as no method  
has yet been discovered for preventing  
frauds under such a law. Manufactured  
tobacco is to be four cents a pound  
cheaper, and the tax on snuff is re-  
pealed altogether. These changes are  
presumably among the great moral  
ideas for which the Republican party  
claims distinction.

This alleged reform of the tariff in-  
cludes a large increase of the tariff on  
wool, causing clothing and carpets to  
cost the consumer more than ever, and  
offers the farmer as a solace an increase  
of the tariff on butter, eggs, barley  
and buckwheat. The reforms are re-  
ported in such small quantities as not  
to affect the great mass of the  
farmers at all. The bill makes a cut out  
of 50 to 60 per cent in the duty on  
molasses, because these reductions will  
benefit the wealthy North and West at  
the expense of the "infant industries"  
of the South, and because the tariff  
on these articles was almost an entirely  
revenue tariff, as distinguished from a  
monopoly-protecting tariff. The tariff  
on tin-plate is raised to a prohibitive  
point thereby cutting off entirely the  
\$500,000 which the Government  
has hitherto derived from that  
source, and at the same time enabling  
the infant tin-plate monopoly of this  
country to double its prices if it  
pleases. Such are the effects of intrus-  
ing the reformation of the war tariff  
to the scheming villains who first de-  
vised it.

The important point in this bill is the  
fact that it reduces the revenues of the  
Government without reducing monopoly  
"protection." Its policy all the way  
through is to build up and enrich the  
Eastern manufacturers at the expense  
of every other industry, and especially  
at the expense of the Western farmer.  
—Chicago Herald.

## OUTRAGEOUS FRAUDS.

Wicked Schemes Formulated by Selfish  
Surplus Busters.

Those organs which are pretending  
that the proposed pension bills are for  
the benefit of needy veterans, or which  
the undertook under an assumed name  
and accompanied only by a few attend-  
ants, in order to obtain a truer insight  
into the characteristic features of the  
country than is generally possible to  
royal travelers. This work bears the  
title "Reiseeindrücke und Skizzen aus  
Rusland," and has been pronounced by  
competent judges as a valuable contri-  
bution to the knowledge of the great  
empire and its inhabitants. The Prin-  
cess, who is now in her fortieth year,  
writes under the pseudonym "Therese  
v. Hayer," and understands how to com-  
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bounds of possibility that the people  
will permit this disgrace to outlive the  
genius of the Harlan-Dudley adminis-  
tration, and it is the duty of those who  
believe in the full performance of the  
people's pledges to the soldiers to guard  
their interests in this matter against  
the worse than rebels and traitors who  
have been placed in power by Mr. Har-  
lan.—Chicago Leader.

An Illustrative Precedent.  
"Lige," said Mr. Harrison, "they call  
me a nepotist because I look after my  
family."  
"That's about the size of it, sir," re-  
plied the private secretary.  
"Well, it's too bad. I am simply  
following in the steps of Washington.  
He was the Father of his country, and  
I'm blessed if he didn't look after his  
country the first thing."—N. Y. Sun.

## AN ABSURD REPORT.

Southern Congressmen Will Not Treat  
with Republicans on Reconstruction.

Commenting on an absurd report from  
Washington of some sort of "dicker"  
between the Republicans and some of  
the Southern members of Congress the  
New York Times says:

The fact is, and it is becoming more  
and more plain every day, that the best policy  
for the South is patience. Time is its great  
and powerful ally. It has very little to gain  
from any positive legislation and very much to gain  
from waiting. It is slowly but surely settling  
the race problem. Little by little at various  
points it is learning how to divide the negro  
vote. It was done last fall in Virginia, in some  
portions of Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida,  
and it can and will be done more and more  
as time goes on. The day that it is recog-  
nized in the North that division and not sup-  
pression of the vote of the negro is the  
policy of the South, the Southern question  
will entirely disappear. Even now it has  
no far disappeared that the majority in  
Congress will not be able, and will hardly  
try, to pass any election law directed  
against the South alone. The schemes  
worked against the South alone. The schemes  
of the leaders—the Chancellors, Sherburnes, Reeds  
—are mischievous in appearance, but they are  
vain. It would be a very bad bargain for South-  
ern men to try to defeat them by making con-  
cessions in other matters, for they would have  
every thing to lose and nothing substantial to  
gain."

The talk of "concessions" from South-  
ern Congressmen is ridiculous. They  
are not "treating" with the Republican  
revolutionists. The South is in the  
Union; it is an integral part of it; it has  
equal rights and equal duties. It is in-  
terested just as the other sections in  
sound legislation, and can pay its part  
to the pipe for naturalization dances. It  
proposes to protect its interests only  
by being bold, relying on the American  
people. It has no favors to ask of, and  
none to give to, the Republican party  
managers. Legislation good enough for  
the North may be bad, truly, but we can  
stand it as long as can any other  
section.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## OUR CHINESE TARIFF.

The Effect It Has Had on Sheep-Raising  
in the United States.

Except during the civil war sheep-  
raising has been for fifty years a de-  
clining business in this country for  
reasons beyond the control of legisla-  
tion. The number of sheep per capita  
of population was nearly 50 per cent.  
greater in 1840 than in 1890, and the  
latter date there had been thirteen  
years of the highest "protection" for  
wool known in our history. Here are  
the official figures:

Population.	Sheep.	Per Capita.
1840.....	17,000,453	10,811,374
1850.....	23,730,380	21,730,380
1860.....	31,443,321	24,471,375
1870.....	38,568,371	28,477,961
1880.....	50,195,783	38,195,783

The current census will show a  
greater disparity between population  
and number of sheep than existed in  
1880. In 1840 there were 2,000,000 more  
sheep than people in the United States.  
In 1890 there are, it is estimated, 23,  
000,000 people and 23,000,000 sheep.  
Whatever else protection has done it  
has not built up the sheep industry. It  
has been demonstrated that no tariffs  
can do this. The industry could scarcely  
decline more rapidly under a policy  
of absolute free trade than it has done  
under the system of Chinese protection.  
—Indiana Sentinel.

## POLITICAL POINTERS.

Now that Harrison is safely out of  
the race, who will get the Republican  
nomination in 1892?—Atlanta Constitution.

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